breathing much more freely, as the dead weight of a dull stagnant life of imprisonment with no signs or prospects of a speedy change, lifted some what, in anticipation of my release. Not many days passed before our anticipations came true, and the order of release arrived. I was given to understand that I was to start for Calcutta within two days more. It was some seven years ago that I had come to Madras, 1 thought, but never within this long, long period did I get a chance to stir outside the four walls of our asylum what should I say to people when they asked me what sort of a town Madras was and what its most prominent features, were, and so on? I must get permission from the Superintendent for an outing before leaving Madras and see all that is worth seeing there; so thinking I met and asked the Superintendent and obtained his permission to go and have a look at the town and its chief sights. Accord-ingly, we were allowed the use of die bullock-driven asylum-bus and a European warder to accompany us with some four or five

other
lunatic patients from the asylum. The very first
thing that we went to see was the local Museum,
which, I fotind, was much smaller than the